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tie-beam should be bolted to that to hold it up. But English builders preferred either to hold it down, by letting the king-post push and not pull, or to suppress it altogether, like the vaulting shafts mentioned above. The roofs are still firm, but they are all wrong.

On the other hand, the concluding chapter is very admirable, in which he praises with discrimination and defines with exactitude the Early-English style—it is lucid and yet scholarly; it is thorough and yet not dull, and it had not been done before. The drawings are pleasant, with a personal, appreciative quality in the line; the half-tone plates are distinct and very well chosen and taken; the diagrams are plain, though they are not picturesque. Professor Simpson can make a diagram picturesque, and the late G. E. Street when he made a plan of a church made a thing of stately beauty. But it is barely possible that his life as a bit of an artist and a working architect tended more to grace and geniality than most professions. And precisely because of its real seriousness and worth is this objection filed against this book—because it will be so useful, and it is, after all, so good.

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THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. By Sir GILBERT PARKER. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1913.

Fundamentally, romance with a meaning makes the same sort of claim as realism—that sheer truth of detail which asks us to regard it as always significant in itself. Mainly, the difference seems to be that romance, like a sentimentalist, is given to pretending a greater depth of meaning, of character, than it really has; while realism, cynic fashion, tends to disclaim any standards of character, and therefore any ulterior meaning, at all. This is a difference of temperament, and differences of temperament are seldom so clearly defined as we imagine. We sometimes catch the "tough-minded" philosopher sentimentalizing, and the "tender-minded" poet has his moments of being as sternly actual as anybody. Into the realistic story creeps the romantic point of view, while the avowed romance-writer is occasionally found making the assumption that the portrayal of the thing exactly as it appears is an end in itself. We are disposed, therefore, to scrutinize very carefully the professedly realistic story, in order that we may be sure that its claim not to be romantically misleading is well founded; and the romance that obviously aims at being more than merely glamorous we weigh somewhat suspiciously to see whether it really has that worth and validity which sincere realism, even at its muddiest, is usually felt to possess.

It is undoubtedly as romance with a meaning that we must consider *The Judgment House*, by Sir Gilbert Parker, his first novel since *The Weavers*. Indeed, except for a certain bigness of effect, a certain largeness of view, we might feel, after reading a dozen pages, that we were dealing with romance in quite an ordinary sense. We are at Covent Garden, where an unknown and unheralded singer of poetically suggestive name—Al'mah—is making her triumphant début in "Manassa." At the end of the first row of stalls sits "a fair, slim, graciously attired man of about thirty." He strokes his golden mustache and surveys the house with a smile of satisfaction "which in a less handsome man would have been almost a leer." This is Adrian Fellowes, and of course we distrust

him. We watch him long enough to perceive that there is some sort of secret understanding between him and the singer; then we turn to a group of people in the box opposite the royal box: Jasmine Grenfel—can she be other than flower-like and frail?—Ian Stafford, her lover, a rising diplomatist, keen, polished, and solid-seeming; Stafford's friend, the "South-African nabob," Rudyard Byng, not long from the veldt. Of all these people we get impressions clear and emotionally suggestive—emphatically so. When Byng leaps from the box to the stage to save the life of the singer whose robe has caught fire from a candle, we respond with a thrill; and back of the thrill is a satisfaction in the incident as drama—as properly expressive of character and as adapted to further the interest of situation. This, to be sure, is romance—illusion, vivid picture, thrill, and all. It is romance, moreover, heightened in ways not altogether unfamiliar though used with power. Such is the effect of the opening scene; and from beginning to end the story seems to strive as frankly as an Elizabethan drama for what is striking in scene and situation. But naturally we expect more from Sir Gilbert Parker than what we facetiously call a "good story" or than what the reviewers somewhat too facetiously call a "dramatic" story. However superior may be the quality of the "goodness" or of the excitement, we are not satisfied with romance from the author of *The Weavers* and *The Right of Way* unless it be romance with a meaning.

Here then is a story strong in illusion, strong in its appeal to our admiration for heroism, to our sympathy with temptation, to our tenderness for womankind; and at the same time we require it to be a commentary—a glowing commentary—upon life. We ask whether the meaning shines out intensely, or is obscured, in the glare of passion and the glitter of superficial brilliance. This is the problem that romance with a meaning has to solve: such romance may be in its way almost as lurid as melodrama; but if it burns down a city we expect that by the light of the conflagration something will be revealed.

In *The Judgment House* surely there is no lack of intensity or variety of light. There are the red glare of battle, dull glow of hatred, warm reflections of love and sentiment, white search-lights of self-revelation—we should applaud it all as stage effect if it were nothing more. But does all this light really illuminate character and life? Are we really beholding a soul on fire or merely an ingenious pyrotechnic display? The very question perhaps implies a criticism; but in fact we cannot well doubt that the soul is there. The people portrayed by Sir Gilbert Parker have spiritual reality. This he makes us feel through romantic means, through the very glamour, the emotional suggestion, the sentimental appeal of his story—through the confused struggle of personal motives and the clash of big events.

For *The Judgment House* is essentially a story of people who try desperately hard, with more or less consciousness of the effort, as people will, to be true to themselves, and are forced at last to transcend themselves—those who can—none eluding his destiny.

It was inevitable that Jasmine Grenfel, in her search for self-fulfilment, should break faith with Ian Stafford, whom she really loved, and marry the South-African millionaire, Byng—a man whose primitive force and simplicity of character attracted her almost as much as the opportunities

his wealth offered her. It was inevitable that, feeling Ian's scorn of her, she should endeavor to bring him once more to her feet. But the love and scorn and the desire, deeply as they are inwrought into the brain and nerve of these three, and calling for sympathy as emotions deeply human, are not, after all, the fundamental things that to those affected by them they seem.

These people in other circumstances might perhaps have gone on living smoothly enough; but if there is fate in human affairs, as we obscurely feel, then surely to the Jasmynes and the Ian Staffords and the Rudyard Byngs no such easy destiny is apportioned. Their very intensity of thought and feeling precludes it; the conditions which will reveal them to themselves will surely come to pass. Jasmine no doubt loved Stafford as sincerely as her deceived soul would allow, and in no very different way, if in a less degree, she loved her husband. But in neither love was there anything to save her from falseness to both, and the man through whom she is false is Adrian Fellowes.

The crisis of the situation comes simultaneously with a crisis in world affairs—the outbreak of the Boer War. Through the bigness of the issues involved we see, as through a magnifying-glass, the real importance, the real difficulty, of the individual's conquest over self. Stafford has almost brought to consummation a far-reaching diplomatic scheme through which England's safety will be made sure in preparation for the approaching struggle. He needs only the consent of the ambassador of Moravia; but here he is effectually held in check by the representative of another power. In his extremity he accepts the help which Jasmine, wild to win back his trust, holds out to him. She, cool and skilful as he, by her personal allurements wins over the Moravian, and Stafford's great stroke is accomplished. Between them, they have saved England, but they have not fathomed their own souls. Passion draws them together again with its old force intensified.

Then comes one of those events which illuminate like a flash of lightning. Adrian Fellowes is in reality a traitor to England—a hired spy for Oom Paul—and the secret agent who has bribed him is Byng's servant, Krool, a Boer of Kaffir blood whose life his master has saved in the old days in South Africa. Now that Oom Paul's ultimatum has been sent, Krool, hating his fellow-traitor, turns against him. He leaves for Byng to find a letter of Adrian's to Jasmine—which Jasmine has lost.

And so it happens that Ian, coming to keep his tryst with his friend's wife, meets what looks like Nemesis, for he has no doubt that the letter which Byng furiously thrusts into his hands is his own, and that the weapon in Byng's hand is intended for himself. Then he finds that fate has given him something harder to do than merely to die, and in persuading Jasmine's husband (against his own belief) that toward Fellowes Jasmine has been merely indiscreet, he achieves the impossible, transcending himself.

He cows the craven Adrian Fellowes, extorting from him a promise to leave England. In a passion half of indignation, half of renunciation, he bids Jasmine be true to her husband. Later it is he who puts fear into the heart of the other traitor, Krool. Fellowes' mysterious death occurring soon after the discovery of his letter, sets a fresh problem for Ian Stafford's clear head and perturbed soul. The shadow of crime rests

upon both Jasmine and Byng. Suspicion lies darkly between them. Meanwhile, Byng's South-African associates have discovered Krool's treachery, and they bring him to trial before them. Stafford, sensing the danger to Jasmine, desperately guessing, plumbs Krool's knowledge and his purpose and turns the wretch's weapon—the suspicion of murder—against him.

Brought to judgment, Krool pays his penalty—pays, not more heavily than the others pay, but more obviously. It is not for this Caliban to transcend himself: a soul in a relatively low state of evolution, he has touched his highest in a doglike personal faithfulness to his master, not inconsistent with betrayal of his master's country and his master's wife. Yet even he, lashed to the street with the sjambok—the cruel South-African whip of rhinoceros hide—in the hands of his "Baas," even he pays his penalty to the mysterious force in man that makes for a higher righteousness, a higher civilization.

Throughout the story human nature, compact of good and evil, gives rise to drama and asserts its right to sympathy. Even Krool has his faithfulness, and Stafford's heroism is not an original impulse. If there is one person in the story who impresses us as good by nature it is Al'mah—yet it is Al'mah who kills Fellowes. A woman instinctively good—unselfish enough to ransom from a Boer prison the husband who has abused and deserted her, primitive enough to kill without scruple or regret the lover who has taken the best she had to give and trampled it in the mire.

As for Fellowes, he is not, assuredly, the conventional villain, but a phenomenon much truer—the apparently soulless man. Self-satisfied and untroubled in his wickedness, this physically beautiful creature with the mere wraith of a personality—a personality that is nothing but a more or less changeful desire—impresses us not as a caricature of human nature, but as a genuine portrayal, among many such the grimmest and not the least convincing.

It is in the Transvaal that Jasmine and Rudyard and Ian find their true selves, through heroic service. Especially and fittingly heroic is the death of Ian on the battle-field; yet the note of personal heroism, always in itself liable to become a trifle blatant, is here effectively submerged in a greater harmony. Where so many men are dying bravely there can be no hysteric emphasis upon the sacrifice of one.

Largely conceived and written with power, *The Judgment House* can hardly fail to produce upon the minds of most readers its intended effect, justifying the claim which, in the manner of romance, it seems to make somewhat insistently—the claim to a meaning beyond the obvious. We cannot, however, suppress a certain doubt as to the method and the manner. In a way the story impresses us as romance caught in a whirlwind of real forces—glamour twisted and torn to shreds. This, indeed, is the fate of romantic illusion in real life; but when it overtakes the kind of romance which in fiction we are accustomed to accept quite naïvely we feel perhaps unduly bewildered. The manner, too, we may sometimes wish less like the manner of ordinary romance, of ordinary drama. There are passages of genuine freshness—such as the bit of spontaneous speech that Jasmine draws from Byng early in their acquaintance: "Hearing gets to be the most acute of all the senses with the pioneer. If you've ever been really dying of thirst, and have reached water again, its sound be-

comes wonderful to you ever after that—the trickle of a creek, the wash of a wave on the shore, the drip on a tin roof, the drop over a fall, the swish of a rain-storm. It's the same with birds and trees. And trees all make different sounds—that's the shape of the leaves. And it's all music, too."

More of this quality we might ask for in preference to the less natural rhetoric needed, no doubt, to develop plot and theme of a story so elaborately designed. Yet seldom does one write for us with such grasp of events and character, such power of feeling and visualizing, as Sir Gilbert Parker.

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**THE ADVANCE OF WOMAN.** By JANE JOHNSTONE CHRISTIE. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1912.

Mrs. Christie says in her preface that her book may "seem unduly harsh to man." It does. Her book loses force by reason of her inability to write English and to see two sides of a question. The information upon which the book is founded is superficially drawn from Karl Pearson and Havelock Ellis.

An author willing to make such a statement as "Germany has no romance, no history, no poetry, no art, no beauty, no gallantry, no tenderness," cuts herself off from serious consideration.

The tone of the book implies that all men are evil and have wilfully and with malicious intent enslaved women, while all the good in the world has been accomplished by women who combine saintliness with heroism. Despite the undeniable truth of much that Mrs. Christie wishes to convey, her book by its temper, superficiality, and carelessness is likely to do more harm than good to the cause she has at heart.

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**DANCING: ANCIENT AND MODERN.** By ETHEL L. URLIN. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 1912.

Now that the dance is taking its place once more as one of the legitimate arts, its history and development have become of fresh interest. In the present small volume Miss Umlin traces the dance through the Primitive Folk Dances, the Imitative Dances (such as the Astronomic, Funeral, Marriage Dances), the Sacred or Church Dances, Folk Dances of the East and West, to the modern revival of dancing to which she gives about one-half the book.

The book, though small and cursory, is exact, scholarly, and well written. It is adapted to quick and easy reference rather than to consecutive reading, and valuable for any one interested in the art.

The volume is prettily gotten up with a charming silhouette on the cover of Maud Allan, the queen of the lyric dance, in one of her buoyant poses.

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**THE FASCINATION OF BOOKS.** By JOSEPH SHAYLOR. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1912.

This is a most alluring title. One inevitably looks forward to the delightful discourse of a man of letters who is willing to confide his